



Summoned Slaughterer (呼び出された殺戮 者)

Volume 05

One battle follows
the other

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Story Description:

Touno Hifumi was summoned

to another world, to be a Hero for a kingdom. Unbeknownst to the summoners, he's a kill-happy person who restrained his killer instincts with martial arts. Upon arrival he slaughter various knights and the mastermind of the event, the King. Unwilling to oppose this strong killer, the Princess let him go free. Thus start the fun life of travelling the world, unrestraintly killing any who attempt to kill him.

But first, lets purchase a pair of female slaves.

Original Story can be found here:

[Link](#)

Chapter 39: Roll On

Along the road illuminated by the morning sun runs a handcar at neck-breaking speed.

Two soldiers are silently pumping the car down the rail, drenched in sweat.

Since leaving Arosel they have gone non-stop towards Folkalore, and though are much exhausted they do not stop; their duty to their lord motivates them to return even a second sooner.

And upon reaching their destination, the hand car passed

beyond the end of the rail, crashing and sending the soldiers into a mountain of straw, which was there to break their fall.

Even so, one of them fainted from the impact, while the other hurried out from the straw.

「Blegh... it's rotten, isn't it」

He said, spitting out straw from his mouth. Soldiers from the gate run up to him,

「Who goes there?!」

「Ah, I am a messenger from the scout division. I can no longer run, so pass my words to Lord Hifumi... Vichy troops have been spotted approaching Rhone. A host of about 13,000 men. 500 of them

may be magic casters. 』

「 So they have come! 』

「 Alright, I'm heading off to the castle! 』

More than tension the soldiers felt exhilaration, and this atmosphere spread through the army. They spoke with the scout for but a brief moment, but had already understood the crux of the report.

The passed out soldier was awoken with a bucket of water, and the soldiers who were otherwise unoccupied went around telling the others the news.

This day began with the lightest mood the soldiers have felt since Vichy began preparing their forces,

Origa knocked on the door to the lord's office, and waited to be permitted to enter.

Upon entering, she saw Hifumi with his legs crossed on the table, pondering something. Kasha was nowhere to be seen.

「 You have called for me, how can I be of service? 」

「 Origa? A messenger reported incoming Vichy force 」

「 So it's finally time? 」

「 In the end, they completely ignored the matter with Beirevra 」

Origa gently shook her head.

「 I am grateful for the concern, but

the fault lies with Vichy for stepping on the tiger's tail. The matter of Beirevra can be solved when Vichy is no more 』

「Is that so... 』

Hifumi said whilst holding onto the paper in his hand.

「What has been on your mind, my lord? 』

「Since a while back, I've been told to settle on a formal Family name for my domain. I hadn't thought to do it until the next expedition, though 』

He didn't want to think about it, so he used to write "Tohno" on the documents. He wasn't particularly attached to the name, but couldn't

think of anything else.

And since then, the region was known as Vagenti's Domain no longer. It was now Tohno's Domain.

「 Alright. Just as we planned, have the garrison forces return. Have the prototypes prepared as well 」

「 Understood. I will pass the order along to Alyssa. I am honored to be allowed to assist you my lord on your path towards victory 」

「 That's wrong 」

「 I apologize. We shall show Hifumi-sama how we wonderfully crush the enemy 」 Currently the plan was to empty Rhone, set traps, and decrease the number of enemies that way. Hifumi, however,

would move on his own.

Origami saw it inappropriate to allow Hifumi's image to deteriorate because of a loss, and thus rejected this kind of tactic, but because Hifumi himself did not care much for victory, she didn't object too strongly.

After all, he started the war to kill a lot of people; if he won, he would have to plan another battle, and devise schemes to win the next one. Victory itself mattered little to Hifumi.

「I hear that Vichy has invaded!」

The door opened with a bang, and Kasha ran in.

「Yes」

「Why are you so relaxed! We have to prepare」

「Calm down. You have a task you must carry out. There's no use shouting around in our Lord's room. Prepare for Hifumi-sama's departure.」

「Y-yes, but... Origa is also going to fight?」

Kasha's face was dyed in worry, while Origa carried a cool expression.

「What are you saying now? You have your mission, I have mine」

「Hifumi-san, surely you can't possibly let Origa out onto the front lines?!」

Obstinately, Kasha directed the conversation at Hifumi, but his cool response crushed her hopes.

「Not really. She should do as she will. She is not my slave, you see」

「I will fight together with Hifumi-sama」

Seeing that no further words could convince either of them, Kasha's shoulders dropped and,

「... I will make preparations」

She turned around and left.

「Would that be fine?」

「She is a part of the larger play. She's necessary to set the stage as I will it」

Hifumi wore his katana on his hip, and left.

「Kasha is just a fool, after all...」

A whisper that no one could have heard.

By the rail and shuttle one could reach Arosel from Folkare by the following day, and thus in a day the forces were assembled there. This was a speed never before seen in this world.

「How peaceful...」

Though it was cloudy, it was not cold.

Tying the obi of his hakama, Hifumi looked down the road in the direction of Rhone. On one side of

the road lay the tracks. Behind Hifumi, in the city of Arosel, the hoi polloi were taking shelter while the soldiers were busily getting ready for war.

By their predictions, the vanguard of the Vichy forces was set to come into view by tomorrow.

「We have finished preparations」

Alyssa stated, having arrived with two soldiers.

The soldiers were on the handcart, choosing the direction it would move in.

「'Tis finally time... Hifumi-san truly does not fear war?」

「It's an opportunity to kill people in

broad daylight. Missing it would be a shame」

「You never think that you will be the one to be killed?」

Hifumi answered Alyssa's question while as he got onto the handcart.

「Of course I do. When you kill, it's a privilege to not be killed」

「Huh?」

「Alright, let's go」

The soldiers set the cart into motion upon his order.

The cart accelerated and soon it was out of sight.

「So Hifumi-san also thinks about

dying...」

Remembering her own close brush with death, Alyssa tried imaging a mortally wounded Hifumi, but could conjure no such image in her mind.

Rhone, on the border, had no garrison and no traps to welcome the invaders.

The Vichy vanguard were able to relax only after a few hours, and came to use Rhone as a rest area. Probably to attempt to reward their soldiers as much as they could.

As Orsongrande forces never used the houses in Rhone, a thick layer of dust was present in every building, but it was still better than

sleeping on grass and stones.

The most unfortunate of the Vichy forces were those who had to stand guard.

And observing these boisterous soldiers who were partaking in a meal, was none other than Hifumi.

Vichy soldiers were shabbily dressed, and outside of the captains and generals giving out orders, none looked like a part of the regular army.

The way they moved showed an attempt at discipline but a complete lack of thereof as well, a truly shabby scene.

Observing this horde and separating them into groups of

hundreds and thousands, were the captains and the generals. These men came together and started bickering angrily. The eldest among them, a man with a dark mustache, was clearly in disagreement with the rest.

He was demanding that they immediately attack Orsongrande, while the others were demanding a break, leading to discontent and disagreement between them.

When their “meeting” concluded, each commander went into a different building.

(They are probably planning on rearranging the troops after they all have gathered in the city)

Gliding into the shadows created by buildings, Hifumi slept there until it was dark.

Upon hearing that Vichy troops were advancing, an individual took the fastest horse to Orsongrande Castle.

「...Pajo, as expected」

「Ay!」

Upon learning of the news Imeraria called Pajo and ordered her dispatch reinforcements to Folkalore, as they have previously schemed.

When Pajo had left, Imeraria called in the Prime Minister. He, too, knew of her intentions.

「Imeraria-sama... are you certain this is what you wish for?」

「I have made up my mind. Pajo, too, is satisfied... Yes, it is my fault that Hifumi-sama was brought into this world and subjected to unpleasant happenings」

Imeraria's gaze was towards Folkalore.

「That, however, does not give him a right to trample on this world. I can't say I am not motivated by a personal grudge, though... Had he fought the beast-men there may have been use of him, but fighting fellow humans is unforgivable」

「Imeraria-sama...」

「'Tis an underhanded trick, but

should Hifumi-sama overcome the predicament before him, should he be such an aberrant of a man, then no one under the heavens could stop him. But I have been told Vichy forces number more than ten thousand. Victory with a handful of men is impossible.」

And as her tears spilled out,

「I am powerless. I can't even strike down my father's foe without resorting to cheap tricks. Should I fail I too will die. When that happens, please take care of my brother」

The Prime Minister, without saying anything, bowed and left.

Night had fallen on the city of

Rhone shrouding it in darkness and silence.

Some still stood around campfires, their sleepy faces illuminated by its light.

(I guess it's time)

Hifumi slipped out from his hiding spot and traveled from shadow to shadow.

His targeted the buildings he demarcated as belonging to commanders.

He approached the first building and tried the lock on the wooden door—it was unlocked so he went in.

There were five people inside the house. One in each room, sleeping.

He entered a room and slit the throat of a sleeping enemy.

Then to the next, and the next, murdering as he went.

(Yup, yup, next, next)

Hifumi then moved to the next housing, dispatching of the men he remembered seeing that day and any who were in the house.

Some were embracing a woman, so he skewered both of them.

(Wasn't there a movie with a similar plot?)

Hifumi was not a fan of horror, so he didn't remember the movie all too well.

Picking methods that would dispose of his enemies quickly, Hifumi felt like he was being a kind person to them.

But he did indeed pick methods like cutting the carotid artery, decapitating, stabbing in the heart, stabbing the brain, cutting a body in half—methods were such that a sleeping person could not react.

Within two hours he had planned to dispose of every commander. Not a single had learned of Hifumi's presence, nor put up any resistance, causing Hifumi to quickly grow bored. He desperately hoped that some would counterattack, but all disappointed.

He also saw food, but found it

boring to kill starving enemies, so decided not to tamper with it.

At last he entered the building where the mustache-commander was.

The mustache-geezer was soundly snoring in his room.

After observing his sleeping face, Hifumi took out not his katana, but a quill and wrote.

Buer, the man feared as the strictest general, awoke with the phrase 『Noisy Bastard』 written on his forehead. Buer was known as the strongest, most violent general, and his anger was likewise famous.

Thus when he saw the phrase written on his forehead he exploded

in anger.

Yet even that anger was incomparable to his rage when he heard that every other commander was killed.

「Such cowardly tricks! And why leave me alive?!」

His poor chamberlain could only remain silent through his anger.

「Is he saying that I'm not a threat?! That my presence wouldn't change anything?!」

Hifumi was kind enough upon leaving Rhone to show himself to a patrolling soldier and then knock him out. This way he meant to convey that the slaughter was carried out by someone from the

outside. Buer, of course, figured that Orsongrande must have done it.

In his anger, Buer forced the soldiers to immediately prepare for a forced march toward Folkalore.

A few soldiers were so afraid of the sudden demise of their commanders that they fled.

Buer berated these individuals, threatening them with the greatest of punishment, and failed to consider his troops when forcing the march.

「Orsongrande bastards! I will reach your gates and end you! Just come before me!」

The soldiers drowning in his constant litany of anger and hatred,

were marching towards Folkalore
even more exhausted than they
were yesterday.

Chapter 40: Come To Me

Before dawn Hifumi, who came back with the soldiers using the rail car from Rhone to Arosel, told Origa, who had been waiting for him, to advance at once as planned and fell asleep.

In the time the feudal lord was sleeping, Alyssa, commanding the Toono territorial army, was busy preparing with the goal of executing the next military operation.

A part of the soldiers helped the common city residents to load their belongings on numerous carriages

and to migrate to farm villages to the side of the highway leading to Fokalore.

As the move was something Hifumi had ordered, Origa was deeply moved emotionally, Kasha was full of doubts, and Alyssa agreed without having heard the reason.

“They will be a hindrance if they loiter around. If a number of them is swallowed up by the battle, the tax yields will decrease.” (Hifumi)

With Hifumi stating this as reason, Origa was impressed, Kasha was able to consent, and Alyssa grasped it by saying “I guess if that’s what Hifumi says, then it has to be correct.”

Although it was partly a forced migration, with even the soldiers having an easygoing mood and having explained to the residents that it was inevitable due to the war, the move steadily made progress.

Facing the residents, Alyssa said
「 You will be able to come back the day after tomorrow. 」 While they were only half-convinced by such words, the residents came to grips with it thinking Such a child has enough composure to try calming us down, huh?

The portion of soldiers, who stayed up all night to prepare for the battle, were still within their dreams.

The soldiers, continuing by taking shifts, lined up several vehicles on each of the two rail tracks and installed spear throwers on the rear wagon of the rail cars.

The wagons before those were used to transport the reserve spears while at the same time acting as driving force.

“Do you understand the strategy?”
(Origa)

“Etto, once the enemy approaches a visible location, escape with the rail cars while attacking with the spears throwers. As much as possible ambush and snipe at the troublesome magic soldiers. Once we arrive at Fokalore, we close the gate and once again attack with the

spear throwers.” (Alyssa)

“Did I get it right?” as Alyssa looked up to the face of the only slightly taller Origa, she was gently smiling.

“Yes, there seems to be no problem. Well then, after I go to join up with Hifumi-sama, please take care of the remaining preparations.”
(Origas)

“Roger!” (Alyssa)

Kasha smiled bitterly following Alyssa, who ran off at a fast pace, with her sight until she was out of view while murmuring,

“Somehow there isn’t the mood as if it was before a war.” (Kasha)

“Although one might say that we

are inferior to them, it is just a 'handicap.' There should be a considerable number of reinforcements from the capital arriving at the time we return to Fokalore. At last, the course of events will lead to nothing but the Vichy army withdrawing after having their numbers diminished.”
(Origa)

“I will put my trust into them.”
(Kasha)

She didn't say into whom though.

“That's only natural.” (Origa)

As Origa started to walk with a displeased snort, Kasha continued to display an expression full of mixed feelings.

(Handicap, huh? If nothing is done, my time to talk with Origa will disappear, but ...) (Kasha)

Up until this day, today, the chances for Kasha to speak with Origa had increased little by little.

Although Origa still displayed the same cold attitude towards her, it wasn't like she completely ignored her.

At the current rate they might return to their original relationship slowly. She also held onto the fleeting hope of them both possibly going back to their free adventuring days once again someday.



Around the time all preparations

were in order, the ground shook with the sounds of feet from people and hooves from horses coming from the direction of Rhone.

“They are coming!”

The soldiers of the territorial army standing watch at the exit towards Rhone warned their allies of the nearing enemy by waving a flag.

As they confirmed the sign of comprehension by their colleagues on top of the gate towards Fokalore, the soldiers on watch withdrew at full speed.

They were told to escort the evacuees on their move to the farm villages.

As a matter of fact there was

absolutely no motivation for them to risk their lives in the war.

Because crossing swords with the enemy was the Lord's duty and enjoyment, they wouldn't be forgiven if they stole that opportunity.

Around the time when the soldiers on watch left the city with such an excuse, Hifumi waited for the enemy in a daunting pose between two rail cars with installed spear throwers.

In his hand he held the kusarigama.
(T/N: sickle and chain weapon)

The hem of the hakama was tied by using a simple string. The katana hung at his waist.

While he was bored and thus swung the counterweights on both sides around, the soldiers, who had boarded the rail cars, set up the spear throwers and waited impatiently and nervously.

The Vichy army plunging forward had to drop the speed within the uninhabited city. As they discovered Hifumi's figure, the order to halt was given.

At this point of time, the Vichy army had decreased to an amount of around 9000 due to the people, who ran away from the damage in Rhone, and those who went to round up the evacuating masses affiliated with the city in one place.

This matter had become yet

another fuel to fan the flames of Buer's anger.

Being the vanguard, Buer, wearing an armored helmet, straddled his splendid horse and glared at Hifumi.

“What is it youngster? Don't be a nuisance. Get away from there!”
(Buer)

After merely saying two words, during the third word, Buer's fury erupted.

The last words were shouted in anger.

Hifumi, who was grinning broadly and laughing, straightened his back and performed a beautiful bow.

“I am honoured to meet you for the first time. I am a viscount of Orsongrande governing the territory of Toono, my name is Hifumi.” (Hifumi)

“You said Hifumi? It’s you bastard, huh?!” (Buer)

“Oya, for some reason it seems my name has become famous even over there in Vichy.” (Hifumi)

Looking over his shoulders, Origa returned a 「That’s only natural!」 on top of the rail car.

The members of the territorial armed forces laughed.

“What’s so funny!” (Buer)

Even as Buer shouted in a

thundering voice, Hifumi's smile didn't falter.

“Before the war I instructed all of them ‘I’ve put an easily recognizable mark on the forehead of the enemy’s supreme commander.’” (Hifumi)

Due to Hifumi's words, the chamberlains on both sides of Buer made a face displaying 「 Oh no! 」

The next moment Buer raised a roar.

“I-It was youu~!” (Buer)

Within a second Buer let the anger guide him and dashed forward with his horse. Hifumi lightly hit the tip of the horse's nose by throwing the counterweight.

While holding down the horse, which acted violently due to the surprise, the rail cars started to move. Hifumi leisurely jumped on top of it and the speed increased.

“After them! Don’t let them escape!” (Buer)

Upon Buer’s instruction the group of horse-riders in the vanguard, including the chamberlains, spurred their horses into gallop. But they were pierced by spears, regardless whether it was soldier or horse, one by one, within a moment.

“Raise the speed after properly hitting them. We will have them run for a while.” (Hifumi)

Origa and Alyssa conveyed the

instructions of Hifumi, who was sitting on top the rail cars, to the soldiers sequentially.

Urged on by the voice of Buer telling those, who were stumbling, falling over or such, to avoid the fallen soldiers or even tread on them, but no matter what to chase them, Vichy's soldiers frantically advanced forward.

There was a lot of cavalry in the vanguard troops. Even with Buer running wildly without concerning himself with those trailing behind, the distance spread steadily.

Lured by the group that was eagerly pursuing at the front, the entire army of Vichy started to advance by running fast. At the time the end of

the line left the city of Arosel, they were assaulted by a large quantity of spears hurled at them from both sides of the highway.

There was no one left to put the soldiers in order as the rear group fell into chaos due to the unforeseen surprise attack. One by one they abandoned their pierced comrades and scattered in all directions trying to to escape.

At the time the spear attacks, which concentrated their aim on the magic soldiers gathered in the last division, ceased, the magic soldiers were almost completely annihilated. In the end, of the Vichy army, around 2000 cavalry went ahead, around 5000 infantry alongside the archers chased after

them while being separated and the survivors of the rear scurried home.

The territorial soldiers lurking close to the highway in order to ambush the enemy, after letting the troops from Vichy, who were chasing after Hifumi's group, pass, they cleared away the corpses and dealt with the surviving enemy soldiers. From thereon the last remaining task was for them to meet up with the citizens taking refuge in the farm villages.

“Who was the clumsy fellow, who hurled the spear until the opposite side of here?”

“100 people were done in.”

“I skewered 3 people or something

like that all at once!”

In the faces of the soldiers, who were clearing away the corpses by using their hands while severally talking, there wasn't any fear of losing nor any tragic feeling about the war.

“Now that it's done, let's go to the village. I think we can let the Lord deal with the rest.”

Everyone agreed on the spot and began to walk without even forming a line.

“Even though it would be nice if the rails were even laid out in the direction of the village.”

For them it was a feeling of the war having already ended.



“We will soon pass the
aforementioned place.” (Origa)

Hifumi only nodded to Origa’s
report.

The mass of Vichy soldiers
pursuing in the back were
completely separated from the
cavalry group following.

On top of the rail car which was
shaking and rattling, Hifumi was
sitting cross-legged having turned
his back to the direction of
movement staring at them with a
fleeting glance.

“Wait! Fight me fair and square! I
will kill you!” (Buer)

Besides Buer, who was chasing after them while shouting energetically on top of the horseback, the other Vichy forces didn't appear to have notice what was awaiting them.

Although the number of Vichy's cavalry had decreased fast due to the intermittent firing of spears, they deliberately didn't aim at Buer.

Ascertaining the deployment of the enemy, Hifumi gave directions on the attacks. Then he noticed them passing through the scheduled location.

“Full speed ahead.” (Hifumi)

Origa didn't miss Hifumi's brief instruction.

“All members, go forward with full

power!” (Origa)

With Origa’s command, the soldiers, holding the handle of the rail car, raised their voices and poured all their strength into it.

“Despite me being the military affairs director ...” (Alyssa)

“This is because you didn’t listen to Hifumi-sama’s words.” (Origa)

At the time the Vichy cavalry focused their eyes on the sped-up rail cars, it was one of the chamberlains galloping next to Buer, who fell for the first trap.

The horse’s forefeet tread though the ground of the highway.

It was a small and shallow pitfall,

but the horse, missing its footing, quickly fell over.

In succession Vichy soldiers following tumbled and were stepped on.

Even though Buer eased up the speed of the rushing horse and ordered the following soldiers to get off the highway, pitfalls, almost indistinguishable from the grass, were prepared there as well.

For a while Buer continued the pursuit, but at last he fell off the horse as it collapsed.

Since Hifumi also saw him trying to get up, Buer was apparently safe one way or the other.

“I will wait for you in Fokalore!”

(Hifumi)

Although his enemy tried to retort something to Hifumi's call, the rail car was already in a far distance at that time moving away from that location.

“You may lower the speed. We will wait for the enemy at Fokalore afterwards.” (Hifumi)

There still remained many archers and infantry within the Vichy army at this time, but the horses were pretty much wasted.

Buer decided to take a temporary rest waiting for those following, but losing his temper due to the lessened number of soldiers gathered, he found fault with

everybody in the vicinity.

Frankly speaking, their large military force was kicked around by a few Orsongrande soldiers. He had expected to grandly march towards Fokalore about now.

After crossing the national border, Orsongrande had arbitrarily established at Rhone, and advancing into this direction, just about everything was rubbing Buer's nerves the wrong way.

“Without fighting directly, it is just surprise attacks, traps and escaping ... To what extent do you plan to make fun of me! Only that youngster, I will definitely kill myself!” (Buer)

While Buer was getting worked up, even at that time, those, sensing the impending crisis after the magic soldiers disappeared and the horses were lost, broke away one by one and deserted.

Buer got even more enraged about this matter.

As it was now, he would have to return to his country without earning any accomplishments. Generals, who escaped without being able to gather their allies and to decently fight without accidents, never reappeared on the public stage a second time.

It wasn't unlikely for them to get stuck with spending the rest of their life in a defense unit in a remote

farm village.

As far as Buer was concerned, he held a pride of having build up his status by successive victories and his military power, although he never had the chance to participate in a large battle. It was unthinkable for him to do something like retreating without doing anything as long as he was able to fight.

Taking a hurried meal and resting for about an hour, they now advanced orderly.

“We will conquer Fokalore before the enemy’s reinforcements arrive! Start marching!” (Buer)

While the soldiers were sometimes irritated by having their feet sink

into the small pitfalls, Buer borrowed a horse from another person. His face was red while burning with the desire for revenge.



Pajou's Third Knight Unit led the reinforcements. Quickly finishing the formation of the troops, it was almost as if they were laying in wait. In the early morning 3000 soldiers departed from the royal castle.

The soldiers, heading out for the sake of rescuing the hero from his crisis, were passionately cheered on by the populace.

Although the soldiers, who didn't find it strange, were joyfully

listening to the shouts of joy while advancing forward by walking, all of the Third Knight Unit, leading the troops while riding on horses, erased their facial expressions.

They were given a contradictory mission called ‘if it goes as planned, you will have to fight that man.’ Thus they couldn’t even show something like a smiling face.

As a result of her close relationship to Hifumi, Pajou was elected as leader of the current reinforcements.

Leading the advance, Pajou’s expression was stiff, too.

“Let’s hurry up a bit.” (Pajou)

“If we rush too much, we will leave

the soldiers behind. In the first place, it is unthinkable for Fokalore, which has a firm defense being close to the border, to fall easily. Don't get too impatient." (Midas)

Towards the voice of Midas, who was moving right behind her, Pajou sighed with a forced smile on her face. She didn't want to be seen as pathetic in Midas' eyes.

"Rather than having to show such a face, it would have been fine to not propose such a plan, I think."
(Midas)

"Saying this now? This is also for the sake of Imeraria's revenge. It is a strategy to stop having this country being dragged into the quagmire of war." (Pajou)

“Since you understand, get a bit more relaxed. You will end up being worn out before we arrive at Fokalore.” (Midas)

“... Oh well” (Pajou)

Easing up just slightly on the speed, Pajou faced towards the front again and was silent.

While watching that back wearing an armor, Midas felt that he couldn't foresee where this battle was headed to.

In fact Sabnak had refused the invitation to join the reinforcements.

Even though he had promised to keep the secret, he couldn't agree to the reason for the hostility against

Hifumi no matter what.

I guess, since he is still young, he only sees that dazzling heroic appearance of Hifumi rather than him being someone holding a protruding strength. But even with such an excuse, he still isn't quite able to comprehend the real intention himself either.

Being young, he is manipulated by a perilous sense of justice due to looking at that radiant appearance. Though I wonder if it isn't only Sabnak but also Pajou and Princess Imeraria being affected by this?

Although Hifumi certainly killed the king, it doesn't mean that it wasn't the king's fault either.

He caused this country to go to war,
but as a result he brought gains.

To be honest, rather than anyone, it
is certainly Sabnak, who made a
calm and accurate judgement, I
guess?

Aren't we walking ahead into the
direction of danger without being
able to avert our eyes from such
strong words called 'War' and 'King
Slayer'?

(I should have tried to talk a bit
more with Sabnak ...) (Midas)

Personally I don't hate Hifumi.

But I also believe to understand his
danger.

In a state of murky hesitation,

Midas headed towards the battlefield alongside the other knights.



Hifumi was waiting at Fokalore.

Staring at the view of the drawn katana, his heart was leaping in anticipation.

Chapter 41:

Nobody's Listening

Just before noon the Vichy army slowly approached the stage of the battle, Fokalore, in a large spread out formation.

Buer, placed at the center of the the troops mounted on a horse, glared at the tightly closed gate of Fokalore.

The gate of Fokalore was an enormous and massive iron wall.

Prufas had constructed it following Hifumi's instructions.

The wall enclosed the city as well

and the side facing Vichy was predominantly reinforced. It was elevated to a height of close to 3 meters in contrast to the traditional height of 2 meters.

“Get ready.” (Buer)

Without averting his gaze, Buer ordered.

As the command was transmitted between his subordinates, the infantry came out one by one in front of Buer and lined up.

The foundation of assaulting a city in this world was to either strike at the gate using a great number of people or to forcibly open it. As for the soldiers not fitting in front of the gate, they were to climb over

the wall. It was such an extremely simply strategy.

Although quite a number of soldiers had deserted, Buer judged that they had an ample amount of war potential to conquer the city before the enemy reinforcements would come. Without using any originality he chose a plan of passing over the high wall and forcibly breaking through the gate by a human waves tactic in order to tear down the defense.

“Atta-” (Buer)

Before Buer could finish voicing out his order, the gate, made by Pruflas using special metals, slowly opened.

“Humph, being aware of the

unfavorable numbers, they decided to surrender, huh?” (Buer)

But, it wasn't a messenger of capitulation that appeared from within the gate. It was something as big in size as 3 of those spear throwers that had killed many of the Vichy soldiers.

When the huge spear thrower's spears protruded from the gap of the gate, it ceased the opening movement.

It was completely charged with thick spears which didn't allow any objections to be branded as logs.

The discharge of the spears made a deep sound of *gon*. The spears approached the soldiers of Vichy

drawing a radiating line rather than a straight line. They stole the lives of several soldiers not by piercing but by smashing them.

“Wh-, Wh- ...” (Buer)

With the appearance of the never-before-seen huge weapon, Buer even forgot to issue any orders as he watched a log smeared with red blood roll next to him.

Using that opportunity, the spear thrower was pulled back into the city and the gate once again closed its maw.



“What is that ...” (Kasha)

Looking at the blunt weapons flying

in the sky, Kasha, just like Buer,
became speechless.

At her side Hifumi and Pruflas were
reviewing the results.

“It might be too heavy after all?”
(Hifumi)

“No matter how you look at it, there
is a limit to it, no?” (Pruflas)

Watching the logs just barely
reaching the enemy without even
any decent velocity, those two had
their attention drawn to the
problematic issues rather than the
things working out and easy-goingly
discussed them.

As the dwarves proposed “It is
currently, so to speak, a trial
product, but won’t it still be quite

powerful?” it resulted in Hifumi granting permission by saying
「 Why don't you try making it then? 」

“It is a failure. Just put it away into an empty storage house afterwards.” (Hifumi)

“I guess it can't be helped. I will try to improve it once I have some time.” (Prufas)

Unaware of Buer's amazement, Hifumi and Prufas judged it as failure.

While the dwarves in high spirits were indulged in severally discussing their opinions where it was lacking and what they failed to calculate in, they retreated from the

front-lines together with the huge spear thrower which was affixed with ropes.

As if replacing them, Alyssa came running to Hifumi's side.

“Hifumi-san, as you have declared, the citizens are taking refuge for the moment, but is that place really alright?” (Alyssa)

“It's fine. Leaving that aside, since the playtime for the dwarves has ended, I leave the rest to you.”
(Hifumi)

“Understood! Hifumi-san, please take care as well!” (Alyssa)

Alyssa issued the next orders to the soldiers while running around.

Three iron bolts were securing the closed gate.

It would be impossible to destroy the gate as long as they didn't use quite an impressive battering ram.

The inner part of the tall wall was equipped with a scaffolding. On the upper and lower tiers there were loopholes turned into sniping outlets for the javelin devices.

Each spear thrower was handled by two soldiers. They were guided to take a rest by shift at the intervals of 30 minutes.

The system enabled them to keep up barraging the attackers with a constant attack pattern of 50 spears per wave day and night.

Hifumi carried out the finishing touches himself. (T/N: That's one very nasty defense setup xD)

“Welcome to Fokalore!” (Hifumi)

Hifumi, who had climbed to the top of the gate, gathered the attention with a *pan pan*.

“To you, who came from distant lands, we have arranged a grandiose reception. Looking at you like this, I praise you for your splendid perseverance coming here. Please savor the banquet plentifully.”
(Hifumi)

“Open the gate and come out! Fight fair and square!” (Buer)

Although Buer's throat only got hoarse by replying to Hifumi's

words in a voice filled with anger, Hifumi ended up withdrawing quickly in the middle of Buer's continuing speech.

As Buer's voice raised hell on the other side of the gate, whether the soldiers of the Vichy army likewise got fired up in fury or were frightened by Buer's appearance, either way, as for the inside of the gate, no one lent an ear to the words of the enemy general.

All of the soldiers of the Toono territorial army knew of the battlefields up until now and what would take place from hereon. Although it would have been fine to flee, coming up to here being spurred on by Hifumi's provocations was a mistake, all of

them thought indifferently, as if it was somebody's else's problem.

Not swords and clubs, but repeatedly attacking them by surprise attacks with the long-distance arms they were provided with, for the territorial army a complete victory was the given. For them this war was nothing else but a one-sided, bloody, straight obliteration of their enemies.

“Don't kill the general.” (Hifumi)

“Alright, I will tell everyone properly to not do so.” (Alyssa)

“Well then, I leave the command to you.” (Hifumi)

“Roger! Everyone, begin the attack!”
(Alyssa)

Following Alyssa's order, spears were shot successively.

With the steady downpour of spears, the soldiers of the Vichy army were pierced and a mass of corpses was produced.

Some saw their companions right in front of their eyes meeting instant death.

Some fainted in agony as a spear impaled them from the abdomen.

Although Buer, who was spared from being aimed at following Hifumi's order, hurriedly gave the order to attack, those, trying to break into a run, were felled with aimed hits.

Furthermore, many of those, who

turned their back on the dread,
became prey of the spears.

Even though there were also those
who hid themselves in-between
their companions corpses, it was
easy for the spears, having their
power and force repeatedly
improved by the dwarves, to
penetrate through a man's body
crushing its bones.

The Vichy army, even despite its
numbers, was forcibly pushed back
and slowly had to distance itself.

“Forward! Forward! Keep up the
pressure! We will win once we get
hold of the gate!” (Buer)

Not thinking of having any doubts
of himself not being targeted, Buer

brandished his sword as he shouted.

While stepping over their companions being shot one by one, the Vichy soldiers coming out in front clung to the gate as soon as possible by all means struggling to escape this hell domain.

From the highway, scattered with corpses and severely wounded, the archers tried to provide cover with their arrows for the infantry, which departed before them.

In order to not disobey Buer's order they sporadically shot arrows, but being thwarted by the the high walls, there wasn't any visible effect.



Around two hours had passed since the start of the battle. Pressured by the one-sided slaughter, the number of Vichy soldier's had considerably dropped. And yet they still struggled to arrive in front of the gate while covered in injuries. For the sake of avenging their allies, they battered with force at the gate using the swords and clubs they held in their hands.

While a sound of *gon gon*'s reverberated with multiple shifted tempos, Hifumi frowned.

“How noisy... it would have been better to install some cushioning materials on the gate, I guess?”
(Hifumi)

Next to him, Kasha was plugging her ears.

Although she had been placed next to Hifumi as guard during the battle, she was bored as there wasn't even any work to do for her.

Going by Hifumi's well-known strategy, the Vichy's army would eventually retreat as they were unilaterally massacred as it was now.

In that case she wouldn't have a chance to use the communication magic tool she had been entrusted by Pajou.

Even though I had steeled my resolve while having severe hesitation, wouldn't it be better if

that operation wasn't executed?
was what Kasha thought as well.

“Hifumi-sama” (Origa)

Origa, who had commanded the soldiers at the Lord's mansion while he was absent, approached.

“It seems that the reinforcements of the royal castle will arrive before long. According to the scout's report, it appears the Third Knight Unit is leading the reinforcements.”
(Origa)

“I see.” (Hifumi)

“Scouts? Did you dispatch scouts into the direction of the royal castle as well?” (Kasha)

Following Origa's words, Kasha

ended up unconsciously raising her voice.

“Ah, our movements here may likewise have to change depending on the timing of the reinforcements’ arrival... Is it somehow inconvenient if we dispatch our scouts into that direction?” (Hifumi)

“N-No, it is fine to go that far if it’s for knowing the situation of our allies... No, don’t worry about it.”
(Kasha)

Glancing at the flustered Kasha, Hifumi faced towards the vicinity of the gate.

“I will go kill the guys clinging to the gate.” (Hifumi)

Climbing the scaffolding, he ascended to the top of the gate once again.

Although Origa tried to stop him by warning him of the dangers, Hifumi rebuked her by saying “It will be the end if the enemy manages to break through the gate here by some chance, thus I will go help out a bit” and continued his climbing to the top of the gate subsequently.

Kasha also tried to follow him, but since it was originally impossible for people to climb there. Hifumi ordered her to wait on standby as it would be too narrow for three people up there either way.

As Hifumi looked down from atop the gate, he saw about 10 Vichy

soldiers desperately striking the gate without even causing small vibrations to it.

“Shut up.” (Hifumi)

Hifumi withdrew a naginata from his dark magic storage and brushed the carotid artery with it precisely and gently.

With the raising spray of blood the gate was painted in red.

Origa also undauntedly used her wind magic, she had trained hard, for cutting off the legs and arms of the Vichy soldiers. One by one the men were plunged into the abyss of death.

Origa was excited by the euphoria of battle fighting shoulder-to-

shoulder with Hifumi for the first time in a while. She released magic at the arrows, descending on a dangerous spot, from the Vichy forces.

Having shortened the thoroughly repeated chants to the limit, the wind blades reaped the enemy's lives continuously in succession.

For the first time it had become a genuine defensive battle. There was also the significance of appealing to Hifumi who was standing right next to her. Being in ecstasy while slaughtering the Vichy soldiers below her, she saw an arrow following the course of certainly hitting her at the time she incidentally raised her face, but Origa didn't react in any way.

In an instant, feeling as if time itself had slowed down, a shadow wedged itself into her field of vision covering her body.

When a *don* resounded, Origa was surprised by the muffled sound of an arrow hitting a human body and her thoughts turned blank. (T/N: author wrote “turned into the direction of day after tomorrow” here, but I guess that makes no sense, so changed it)

At the time she fell down from the top of the gate, she came to her senses by the pain.

“Painful ... arrow? Who is ... ah, ah, ahhh ...” (Origina)

Something like who would have

been able to protect her from the arrow flying at her at that timing, there wasn't even any necessity to think calmly about it. She couldn't settle down catching sight of that figure.

“Hi-Hifumi-sama!” (Origa)

Having an arrow stuck in his shoulder, Hifumi had even further protected Origa from the fall. While breathing roughly he had collapsed on the city's ground drenched in sweat.

Everyone then and there was surprised witnessing that sight.

Of course, even Kasha wasn't an exception.

“Hifumi-san!” (Kasha)

“Kasha-san, leave this place to me. Take Hifumi-san to the mansion for medical treatment! Since Origa-san has fallen down as well, go together to the mansion!” (Alyssa)

Towards the two flustered women, Alyssa, the youngest of them, called out. She also issued an order to the soldiers to keep composure and continue the shooting.

“Th-That’s right, if we don’t hurry with the medical treatment ...”
(Kasha)

Although she pondered whether this might possibly be her chance to get in touch with Pajou, with only one arrow having struck him and Hifumi possessing high-ranking healing medicine, Alyssa would

naturally have considered the time for medical treatment.

Kasha summoned two soldiers and gave them the instruction to remove a door of a nearby house and carry Hifumi on top of it. She herself lent her shoulder to Origa.

There was no serious injury visible on Origa, but her ankle was badly twisted and it didn't seem like she would be able to normally stand.

Even though the front line, having seen off the two leaders, fell into confusion temporarily, they were propped up by Alyssa's extremely unsuited fiery encouragement.

“Hey there! Aim properly while shooting!” (Alyssa)

“U-Understood!”

The territorial soldier, having his back clapped, suppressed his impatience and aimed at the next enemy.

The soldiers, who took their rest in turns, were astonished by the stoutheartedness of Alyssa.

“The chief is calm for sure.”

“After all, that was Hifumi just acting.” (Alyssa)

Though it was different for Origa, Alyssa said.

“... ha?”

“Hifumi-san had been looking for a chance to pretend getting injured.

Since he withdrew to the mansion after actually getting injured... ah!" (Alyssa)

Incidentally having exposed something outrageous, Alyssa began to panic.

"Fo-Forget what I've said! I was told to aim for the enemy general once Hifumi became injured! Aim at that guy and quickly kill him off! After hitting him, cease shooting for a short while!" (Alyssa)

"U-Understood!"

Buer, not having been aimed at the whole duration of the battle, exposed his figure boldly while giving commands on top of his horse.

That place was pierced almost simultaneously by several spears. Buer died without even understanding what had happened to him.

The Vichy soldiers, seeing their general shaking violently and dropping from his horse as well as losing the audible voice forcing them to persist in this dangerous place, noticed that the downpour of spears had ceased.

And then, as there wasn't any commander left any more, the soldiers chose to retreat rather than attack.

Even those soldiers clustered in front of the gate, watching their allies in the rear fleeing, escaped

from the gate at full speed.

“Well then, open the gate! Half of you will accompany me to drive the enemies away until the national border! The remaining half will clear the area in front of the gate!”
(Alyssa)

Other than Alyssa’s orders the territorial soldiers couldn’t follow on how easily the battle had ended. But as Alyssa told them that it wouldn’t work out if they didn’t purge the enemy before the residents returned to the city, they started to move without complaining within a tight schedule.



The Vichy's side residents were temporarily moved to the plaza in front of the mansion. But none of those residents were told that the Vichy army had been repelled.

Because they approached that place carrying the injured Lord, the area around of the mansion became noisy. With the notification of the arrival of the reinforcements brought about by pressing for answers, great cheers were raised.

Pajou's group was bewildered by the strange welcoming mood, but just before she could step into the city, she became aware of the breaking sound of the portable magic tool. Her face became stiff.

It was a notice from Kasha about

Hifumi's dangerous state.

Entering the city, she confirmed the matter about Hifumi's injury with several of the fief's population.

Judging that Hifumi had received a serious injury, she led two thirds of the unit towards the mansion whereas Midas took command of the remaining third.

“Please advance into the direction of Vichy.” (Pajou)

“... Roger.” (Midas)

Pushing her way through the populace, she saw off Midas galloping away on a horse towards the gate facing into Vichy's direction. Pajou turned towards the Knight Unit and told them to

dismount their horses and draw their swords. She gave the soldiers the order to surround the mansion for the sake of hindering the populace to enter the mansion.

Although she felt anxious as things were going a tad too well, missing the opportunity due to being seized by fear was unacceptable she persuaded herself. Together with her comrades she broke into the Lord's mansion where Hifumi was supposed to be.

Chapter 42: Liar

Seeing Hifumi being carried into the mansion, the lone civil official slave Caim raised his eyebrows for a mere instant.

“Caim-san! Hifumi-sama is injured!” (Origa)

In contrast with the shaken up Origa, Caim, maintaining his usual prudence without any change, shook his head.

“Please calm down, Origa-sama ... it isn’t very desirable for many people to know of this situation. Please enter the office together with Lord-sama. I shall be in charge of bringing the medical tools.” (Caim)

No sooner than saying so, Caim straightened up his back and disappeared in an inner room.

“Ah, Hifumi-sama ... because of me ...” (Origa)

“Origa, get a grip!” (Kasha)

She encouraged Origa, who had been completely haggard for these few minutes. The two soldiers somehow managed to lay down Hifumi on the sofa in that office.

Kasha told the soldiers, who carried Hifumi, to entrust this place to her and head back to the front lines.

As Hifumi had been gently put to lay upside-down so as to not touch the arrow embedded in his shoulder, Origa was sitting on the

floor clinging to Hifumi.

“I am very sorry, just because I ended up getting carried away ...”
(Origa)

As Origa, sobbing sorrowfully, hit the bottom of grief and anxiety, she experienced a welling up of happiness due to Hifumi protecting her. Becoming disgusted at herself because of that, she cried once again.

“Origa ...” (Kasha)

In the time waiting for Caim, Kasha worried about Origa while also keeping a watchful eye on Hifumi’s condition.

While walking restlessly, she touched the magic tool on top of

the pouch at her waist.

“... Origa, this is ...” (Hifumi)

Distorted by pain, Hifumi opened his eyes. From within the darkness storage he took out those magic potion bottles that had saved Alyssa on the verge of death.

As expected, he has those, huh? Kasha thought. Although she unconsciously showed a bitter face, neither Hifumi nor Origa were in any state to notice that.

The existence of the medicine caused Origa to be very delighted once it reached her mind. She showed a smile as if she had forgotten something like the pain caused by her foot.

“Right away, I will open the bottle immediately!” (Origa)

Getting irritated at the small wooden cork while telling herself to calm down, she uncorked the bottle at last. Timidly pouring just a little on the wound on Hifumi’s shoulder, Origa clutched the arrow tightly.

“I will draw out the arrow.” (Origa)

So as to not unnecessarily widen the wound, Origa drew it out cautiously. Apparently it had penetrated quite deeply. She pulled out the arrow with a sound of *zuru zuru*. It was soaked and dripping in blood from the arrowhead 15 cm downwards along the shaft.

Tossing the arrow away, she

hurriedly sprinkled the magic potion over the wound.

“Why? ... For what reason?” (Origa)

Despite having already used up most of the bottle’s contents, there wasn’t any visible sign of the wound on Hifumi’s shoulder being healed.

“Kasha! Even though I am using the magic potion, the wound isn’t getting cured!” (Origa)

“No way ...” (Kasha)

By now Hifumi’s consciousness had become faint as the bleeding increased at the part the arrow was extracted.

Origa, who couldn’t touch the wound carelessly either, sank down

to the floor with despair written in her face.

The bottle, dropping from her hand, tumbled across the floor.

Without even knocking, the civil official slave Doelgar entered the room and approached Hifumi with heavy steps holding bandages.

Squatting down before Hifumi, he looked at the sideways laying arrow.

“It had penetrated that deep inside?
... This might be dangerous ...”
(Doelgar)

Although he had probably muttered this without the intention of anyone hearing it, it ended up entering Origa’s ears.

“Dangerous you say!? The magic healing potion doesn’t work, we have to apply other medicines ...”
(Origa)

“P-Please settle down. It is rare for the magic healing potion to not work, but I have heard of such occurrences. It was caused by some special constitution. There were even cases where its effectiveness had become weak and even had the opposite effect.” (Doelgar)

As Origa was emitting a threatening force as if snarling at him, Doelgar explained what he remembered.

“Special ... constitution ...” (Kasha)

Now that he mentions it, Hifumi was summoned, “a person coming

from another world,” Kasha recalled.

There hasn’t been a time when she had seen Hifumi getting injured before. Let alone a magic potion, she hasn’t seen him even using a regular ointment.

(If that’s the case ...) (Kasha)

As she told him to stop the bleeding at the very least, Kasha propped up Origa who had turned into a lifeless doll. She took Origa to her own office next door since they would just become a hindrance in the treatment.



When Kasha’s group left, Hifumi muttered after calming his breath,

“Doelgar, you are unexpectedly skilful at acting.” (Hifumi)

“Not as great as Lord-sama. When I heard you came back with an arrow sticking inside you, I was seriously worried.” (Doelgar)

Abruptly rising, Hifumi took out a heater pack magic tool from within his breast pocket and discarded it on the floor.

The sweat wasn't due to it being cold sweat but merely because of the heat. Due to the magic tool producing more heat than he had imagined, it apparently didn't end with getting sweaty but even scalded him.

Having wiped off the sweat, Hifumi

took out a magic potion bottle from his storage and roughly poured it on his shoulder.

The wound closed itself quickly.

“Quite the handy thing.” (Hifumi)

Shifting his shoulder, he confirms that there is no sense of discomfort left.

“Good grief, this isn’t the work of a civil official! At any rate, what was that failing magic healing potion that Origa-san opened?” (Doelgar)

“It was simple water I filled in a bottle that had been used up before.” (Hifumi)

Doelgar, towards the pitiful Origa who had been completely deceived,

with a shrug of his shoulders.

He had acted out the drama as it had been dictated in the scripted play he had previously received from Caim.

Even the muttering that enraged Origa was naturally something he had been told to do on purpose.

“However, why was it necessary to do something troublesome?”
(Doelgar)

“It’s an experiment to see whether people really rush without thinking just because things are in the middle of advancing smoothly as often happens on the spur of the moment.” (Hifumi)

“Fuu~n ... I don’t quite understand

what people in a high position think about.” (Doelgar)

Without any particular interest, Doelgar gave a suiting answer while collecting the bottle and arrow that had fallen to the ground.



As soon as they entered Origa’s office, Kasha smashed the magic tool from atop the pouch.

At the same moment the magic tool that Pajou possesses should break as well. Before long the Third Knight Unit would raid this mansion.

“Kasha. I want to be next to Hifumisama after all ...” (Origa)

“No, you will become a nuisance during the medical treatment. Leaving that aside, is your foot alright?” (Kasha)

Even while worrying about her, Kasha wanted to stop Origa leaving until things had somehow concluded. Thus she tightly grabbed her shoulder and forced her to sit on a chair.

After being separated for five days, feeling the body beneath the robe, Kasha noticed that Origa had become slightly burly. Even though the time they had been apart hadn't been that long, she remembered her loneliness.

“Since the reinforcements will also arrive soon, let's return to the

capital once that person comes.”
(Kasha)

“... That person?” (Origa)

Origa’s gaze, showing her sensing something, changed from the girlish face shaking with anxiety just before to something sharp she directed at an enemy.

“Do you know someone from the reinforcements? Why does Kasha know something about them I am not aware of?” (Origa)

Kasha wasn’t able to retort anything towards that piercing look.

Finally, after hesitating for a short while, Kasha decided to tell Origa everything and to take her along

even if she had to do it by force. She looked directly into Origa's eyes.

“Listen to me, Origa. Soon the Third Knight Unit will enter this mansion. And then, they ...” (Kasha)

“... They are aiming at Hifumi-sama.” (Origa)

Once again Kasha was lost staying only silent.

“I had been suspicious of you from the beginning. Although you should have stayed away after becoming scared of Hifumi-sama, you returned readily. Moreover your gaze kept following Hifumi-sama from time to time. That is a habit of Kasha while waiting and observing a monster looking for an

opportunity. Since it didn't suit your normal self, I thought that you were aiming for something ... but once we entered this room, you did something. It was something giving off the feel as if magic had been invoked." (Origa)

"I was asked to inform Pajou if Hifumi was in danger. Well, it's not like I forgot about the favor I received by him picking me up, but that only happened because he purchased me by paying money! Origa, you have gradually become weird after meeting Hifumi! Think properly about it, Hifumi often does good things, but in reality, isn't he a criminal who murdered royalty?!" (Kasha)

Losing her presence of mind,

Kasha's voice became louder and louder.

While watching the appearance of Kasha, who was rattling on, Origa stood up despite her light-headedness and took out a shuriken from within her bosom.

“S-Stop ... Let us two hunt monsters happily together once again. There is no place for us in a world where killing people is the norm ...”
(Kasha)

“Draw your sword, Kasha. You have clearly become our enemy now.”
(Origa)



It was the civil official slave Caim who went to greet Pajou's group

storming into the mansion.

Towards the group of more than 20 knights suddenly entering, although it got close to becoming a turmoil, Caim, donning his usual cool-headed nature and suppressed them by shouting 「Don't increase my work!」 with a threatening resounding voice.

“You have been awaited.” (Caim)

Caim said to Pajou, who led the Knight Unit, without even lowering his head.

“Awaited you say ...” (Pajou)

“Of course, it means that the major of this city's territory, Hifumi-sama, welcomes you. I have heard from Hifumi-sama that you took upon

yourself to come from the far away royal capital leading an army. Now, please head towards the office on the second floor. Please excuse my impoliteness, but it is a matter of involving the military affairs. Because we, the civil officials and staff, were ordered to not get close, please go on ahead to the upper floor.” (Caim)

Despite speaking politely, there wasn't even any expression of respect in his manner of speech. Without saying anything, Pajou's group left Caim's side.

Neither Caim nor anyone else made a comment towards the matter of her entire Knight Unit having drawn their swords.

“Was that alright?” (Brokra)

Even as Brokra, being a civil official slave engaged in the accounting management alongside Caim, asked this uneasily, Caim only turned his look towards him blinking his eyes.

“There is nothing good or bad about it. This place is the castle of that gentleman. That is already sufficient reason.” (Caim)

He thought about telling Brokra to return to his work if he understood, but seeing his discomposed state he couldn't find the right words for that.

Looking up at the Knight Unit climbing the stairs in the direction of the second floor, he sorrowfully

wondered whether he had to
summon some soldiers to clean up
again.



At the time Pajou stepped into the
office, Hifumi had collapsed in
front of the sofa.

With the blood spread on the floor,
he didn't even show a twitch of
movement.

“This is ...” (Pajou)

Curious whether he had already
died, Pajou approached timidly. In
that moment Hifumi jumped up as
if he was a monkey and treading on
a knight in order to get over the
group he landed in front of the door
blocking their exit.

“Yo, you’re late.” (Hifumi)

“Wh-Why ... ?” (Pajou)

“N~ The actors are bad and the stage is crude as well. Leaving that aside, hurry up and prepare your swords.” (Hifumi)

Like that Hifumi put his right foot in front into a stance with his legs in a L-shape remaining unarmed and pushed out both his swinging hands in front of him. (T/N: If you watch anime, you should know this pose. I think it is often used in Noh theatre plays by the actor symbolizing the demon. Jiraiya from Naruto likes to do that pose as well. Basically both hands in front, 1 foot in front, crouching and swaying)

“Do you plan to fight these numbers empty-handed? Rather than that, wouldn't it be more comfortable to get yourself arrested obediently?” (Pajou)

Pretending to be calm Pajou spoke those words, but the moment she finished, Hifumi grabbed the neck of a male knight in a flash, drew him into his chest, and broke his neck.

“It's not like you came here to gently persuade me, don't you agree? If you have the spare time to yap, then get over here quickly.” (Hifumi)

Throwing away the corpse of the knight, Hifumi said in ill-humor.

“Although I don’t know who came up with this farce, after taking over this troublesome post of feudal lord and enduring one hardship after another, this is the treatment I receive in the end. I even feel more amused than angry.” (Hifumi)

“You!!”

The knight, swinging his sword alongside his yell, had his sword averted by Hifumi striking the lower part of his wrist and was brought down while having his neck detained.

Without time to get up, his throat was crushed by Hifumi’s fist.

The knight who came stabbing his sword, had the back of his hand

seized and his wrist broken by twisting it. Hifumi's knee broke his elbow.

His head was cut open halfway by his own sword being stolen from him just like that.

“The taste of killing them is bad. They should hone their skills properly.” (Hifumi)

Tossing away the sword soaked in blood, it lopped off the arm coming for a horizontal slash and, using his centrifugal force, he drove the knight into the wall.

The knight, having his face banged against the wall, sunk to the ground while leaving a streaking smear of blood on the wall.

Now he was assaulted with swords by three knights at the same time, but avoiding the sword's path easily while walking forward, he kicked the back of the knee of one knight and twisted the kneeling knight's neck.

Throwing the corpse at a knight, he grabbed the arm of another knight rushing towards him and knocking him down by pushing him with his hands he crushed the face, that was looking up, under his foot.

Even the person, who was struggling being pinned down by the corpse, was killed in a similar manner of crushing the throat by stepping on it.

While watching her colleagues

being killed one by one just like that, Pajou took out a tiny iron pebble from within her pouch at her waist though she felt impatient.

It was the stone thrown to kill the guard at the night she met Hifumi for the first time.

The second Hifumi was caught up in breaking the neck of the last knight, she threw the stone with all her might.

“Oh” (Hifumi)

Thrusting out his opponent holding him by his neck, the stone embedded itself into his face.

Although the knight screamed due to the abrupt pain, his heart soon stopped beating as Hifumi

immediately tread on his back with force.

“You have a considerably good arm. But, the throwing motion has to be done even more casual. Otherwise it is too easily noticed.” (Hifumi)

“Thanks for the lecturing, even though it’s coming from a hoodlum. Anyway, I didn’t expect you to deal with the Knight Unit as easily as this ...” (Pajou)

Hifumi took out his katana and drew it towards Pajou who had once again set up her sword.

“I have received various favors from you. Therefore I will kill you instantly.” (Hifumi)

“I wonder whether it will be this

simple.” (Pajou)

“If it doesn’t end quickly, that will be something enjoyable.” (Hifumi)

The bright smile of Hifumi and his eyes filled with madness caused Pajou to grind her molars.

As Hifumi broke into her range lightly thrusting at her, Pajou brushed off the katana from the side and cut at him in a flowing motion.

Dodging the sword attack by retreating a half-step, Hifumi once again stepped forward while aiming at the crown of her head.

Pajou jumped to the rear in a hurry. The downward swing of Hifumi’s katana changed into a thrust and

the katana's point approached her rapidly.

“Kuu” (Pajou)

When Pajou raised her face after avoiding the thrust by rolling over, there wasn't anyone in front of her eyes.

“Eh?” (Pajou)

She looked at the katana protruding from her breast.

“Even at the time of evasion you shouldn't take off your eyes off your opponent.” (Hifumi)

Ah, this is the place where I die, as Pajou thought that, her feelings mysteriously calmed down.

“Ime ... raria ... sa, ma ...” (Pajou)

Being separated from the katana by slipping down the blade, only a single line of tears could be seen on the face of the fallen Pajou.

Getting rid off the blood with a paper, Hifumi returned the katana into its scabbard while cracking his neck.

“She had splendid backbone to die staying still like that. Well, shall I go and see the situation over there.”
(Hifumi)

Stepping over the dead bodies of the Knight Unit, Hifumi headed towards the room where Origa’s group was.

Chapter 43: When It's Over

The vicinity of the Fokalore's Lord's mansion was crowded with the populace taking refuge from the front lines, the territorial soldiers, and staff members guiding them on top of the Third Knight Unit who lead the soldiers of the reinforcements.

The staff distributed meals to the populace and aided those with deteriorating health. Gradually the mood changed into it being something along the lines of a festival.

Those with a strong business sense

erected stalls before anyone noticed. The staff members only arranged the locations of the food stalls and let them freely do business afterwards.

“This ought to be a time of war, but what’s with this situation?” (Midas)

Advancing on his horse while pushing his way through the masses, Midas’ group finally left the jammed area.

“The populace seems to have been kept away from the gate where the battle occurred.” (Young knight)

Listening to the report from a young knight who had heard the current state of affairs from the staff members, Midas breathed a

sigh.

“Did they carefully consider the circumstances of the populace? Or is it because they would simply become a nuisance ... ?” (Midas)

There is a quite high probability that it is the latter, he assessed, but didn't voice out this thought as he had to hurry going forward on his horse towards the battlefield.

While also issuing instructions to all members to draw their swords, he scowled feeling a sense of discomfort.

“That's odd...” (Midas)

“What is?” (Young knight)

“Don't you think it's strangely silent

although they should be in combat? Rather, the noise coming from the direction of the Lord's mansion is a lot more boisterous." (Midas)

"Now that you mention it." the young knight agreed to Midas' remark. As they headed towards the actual scene, the horses advanced on the road that had at least a lesser amount of people travelling it.

Before long they could see an imposing iron gate at the exit of the city, but the door was widely opened.

"! ... Did they break through? However, the enemies are ..."
(Young knight)

Trying to hasten their approach, they could see the territorial soldiers chatting leisurely while disposing of the enemies' corpses.

As they were calmly talking with each other, they chopped up the corpses with magic and halberds, gathered them and tossed them into a hole. Drenching them in oil, each pile was burned.

Although the intense stench of the burning proteins was to such a degree that Midas had to pinch his nose, the territorial soldiers did it calmly having nothing but a cloth wrapped around the lower part of their faces.

Because they observed the relaxed state of the territorial soldiers in

front of the mountain of dead bodies, all of the Third Knight Unit following from behind looked at them. All of them uniformly turned blue and some amongst them, not being able to bear the sight, even broke down vomiting.

Midas considered it to be pathetic, but it appears that the soldiers and knights from the capital can't overturn the difference in actual combat experience of the Touno territorial soldiers anymore.

When surveying the area, Midas saw a single women, he felt having seen somewhere before, issuing orders to the soldiers.

As Midas dismounted from his horse and withdrew his hand from

his sword, she apparently noticed him as well.

“I am Midas of the Third Knight Unit. We were dispatched as reinforcements, but ...” (Midas)

“I am the civil official slave called Miyukare in charge of matters related to military affairs of the Touno territory. Welcome, I am glad that you have come to assist us.” (Miyukare)

As Miyukare responded with a bright smile, Midas recalled her to be included in Hifumi’s group of civil official slaves.

He happened to catch sight of her at the time various things were taught to her by Hifumi at the royal

castle.

“I’d like you to inform me about the state of affairs.” (Midas)

“The Vichy general is dead. Right about now the remnants of the defeated army are fleeing from the chasing group led by the director of military affairs.” (Miyukare)

The battle at Fokalore has ended. All that was now left was simply hunting the remnants of the Vichy army.

“Where’s the enemy’s general?”
(Midas)

“Who knows? I heard he was in some hole. About now he should have been cremated within one of them.” (Miyukare)

Midas groaned while curbing the area between his eyebrows.

Just like Hifumi, it seems that they, the Touno territorial soldiers and the civil official slaves, don't care about who and what rank the enemy has in the least.

Dispose of them since they are dead and then be done with it.

“By the way.” (Miyukare)

Miyukare smiled brightly at Midas who was greatly troubled with the situation.

“Since it's about time to finish soon, shouldn't you rather head towards the mansion?” (Miyukare)

“Finish soon? ... What matter is?”

(Midas)

“Hifumi-sama’s disgusting play,
that is.” (Miyukare)

Midas’ thoughts froze for an instant. Without saying anything in return, he jumped on top of his horse and rushed towards the Lord’s mansion.



Preparing the shuriken, Origa entrusted her back to the wall enduring the pain in her foot.

“Kasha, I won’t forgive you ...”
(Origa)

“Calm down! The Knight Unit has already broken into the mansion. Now that this has happened,

Hifumi is already ..." (Kasha)

Just as she started to talk, Origa threw her four-sided shuriken tearing Kasha's shoulder.

Due to her avoiding on the spur of the moment, the wound was shallow.

"Origa, why ... ?" (Kasha)

"I won't bear it anymore. All the more if a Knight Unit had come, I must get to Hifumi-sama's side."
(Origa)

As Origa prepared the next shuriken, Kasha, giving up, grasped the sword's grip, withdrew it from its scabbard and took her stance.

"I will suppress you with sheer

strength.” (Kasha)

“Give your best trying to do so. I will show you that I am not such a weak woman as you are.” (Origa)

Kasha closed the distance bit-by-bit. Origa, having her back against the wall as she couldn't use her foot, had no other choice but move horizontally along the wall by slithering.

Taking care to not cause injuries as much as possible, Kasha wavered which spot she should attack.

“Without even having your wand, there is no way for you to defeat me.” (Kasha)

“Underestimating the abilities of your opponent like that is a bad

habit of yours. Shouldn't I have warned you many times to not do so?" (Origa)

Firing off the second shuriken, she aimed at Kasha's feet.

Kasha jumped to the side while wielding the sword in order to avert the trajectory of the shuriken. In reverse she charged and hit Origa's flank.

"Kuu ..." (Origa)

Origa had planned to elude the attack by falling down but her body didn't move as she thought it would. She wasn't able to kill the force completely.

She collapsed lying upside-down and as Origa was breathing roughly,

Kasha lowered her sword.

“With this you understand, right?
Let’s go together ... I don’t want to
do such detestable thing like
seriously fighting with Origa.”
(Kasha)

Origa heavily rotated turning her
position facing upwards and silently
held out her right hand towards
Kasha.

“I am glad. Well then, after this,
together ...” (Kasha)

A sound like grass being cut
reverberated. Kasha’s flank has
been gouged open by a wind blade.

An amount of blood, which would
overrun a glass, dropped on the
floor.

“... Ha?” (Kasha)

Because she doesn't quite understand the visible condition of her own body, Kasha falls to her knees due to the sudden blood loss.

Spilling even more blood this way.

“Although you don't even have your wand, why ...?” (Kasha)

Looking at Origa with hazy eyes, she saw that the area of the robe around her arms was torn. Around the naked slender forearm leather belt with a fixed knife was coiled.

“Following Hifumi's suggestion, I prepared a hidden knife copying the magicians of Horant. Giving your magician opponent the time to cast a spell was naive.” (Origa)

As they finished talking, both, Origa and Kasha, had collapsed on the floor.



At the point in time Hifumi stepped into the room entering it, Kasha was at death's door.

For the time being with this Hifumi poured a magic potion, with the bottle making a *glug glug* sound, on Origa in order to wake her up. Seeing the unhurt Hifumi in front of her eyes, she misunderstood herself to have died.

But, once she looked closely, she could see Kasha lying in a pool of blood.

“Hifumi-sam ... ?” (Origa)

“Ou, you finally woke up.” (Hifumi)

“I-I am glad you are healthy?! ... Ah right, Kasha has called a Knight Unit to this mansion ... !” (Origa)

Getting up as if she were a spring, Origa kept on talking while clinging to Hifumi. But Hifumi quickly tore her off causing her to fall on the floor.

“Calm down, moron. I got rid of the entire attacking Knight Unit. Currently Doelgar’s group is cleaning up the mess.” (Hifumi)

With a “That’s great” Origa was relieved spilling large drops of tears.

As Origa was sobbing, Kasha, slipping into the abyss of death,

murmured with her consciousness being vacant,

“Hifumi-san ... Ah, Pajou-san has ...”
(Kasha)

That knight had given her and Origa a chance to reconcile. Realising that she had failed and died, Kasha didn't give a damn about everything and anything anymore.

“Kasha, apologise to Hifumi now. It isn't too late yet ...” (Origa)

Looking at Hifumi and Kasha alternately, Origa said so in her former gentle voice.

That caused Kasha to become unbearably sad.

“Origa, sorry ... Hifumi-san too, I am sorry ... I have been a fool ...”
(Kasha)

“Hifumi-sama, since she is also repenting ...” (Origa)

Watching Kasha heading towards her death now, Origa couldn't even hide her trembling.

But Hifumi watched Kasha without saying a single word.

“By now ... everything and anything has changed, hey ... not only I didn't notice that, I wasn't even approved by Pajou-san either ...” (Kasha)

Looking at Hifumi, Kasha laughed bitterly.

“Hifumi-san, thank you for saving

us when we were slaves ... If you are fine with it, I want you to let me pass on as is ... I think this manner of death is a blessing, to the extent that it is more than a fool like me deserves ..." (Kasha)

Hifumi nodded expressionlessly.

"Thank you ..." (Kasha)

"Kasha!" (Origami)

Kasha slowly closed her eyelids to never open them again.

Painfully raising her breast up and down only once, her breathing ceased.

"Really, you have been such a fool ..." (Origami)

Sitting down at the side of her close friend, she shed tears as she also stopped to pretend being tough.

Hifumi took a breath and placed his hands on his waist.

In his mind he hosted a little bit of compassion but no regret.

Most of it was occupied by anger.



Pushing his way through the crowd, Midas finally arrived at the mansion. He was greeted by an unhurt Hifumi, donning an expression of anger and Origa, being even more angry burning with fury.

Being guided to the office by

himself, Midas discerned that the situation had turned out in the worst possible way.

Brooding over his own fate from now on, his feet became heavy.

“... So?” (Hifumi)

As Midas stood stock still without being able to look at Hifumi in front of his eyes, a short inquiry was thrown at him.

“T-The reinforcements weren’t in time. It’s inexcusable that we weren’t able to fulfill the role given to us ...” (Midas)

“To the very end you insist that you came up until here to assist us? Is that what you are saying?” (Origa)

“O-Of course” (Midas)

He couldn't even shift his gaze towards Origa.

“Is it common for the reinforcements to storm the Lord's office with drawn swords in this country?” (Hifumi)

“U ...” (Midas)

“Is it common for a Knight Unit, no, the royal castle to even use a friend to spy on the internal affairs?”
(Hifumi)

“Ugu ...” (Midas)

As Midas' thoughts deviated into I would pay anything for just having a usable answer, Hifumi pressed on.

“Besides, it’s strange, isn’t it? Imeraria should have known that Vichy would attack the national border having prepared a sufficient war potential. Or rather, since she has induced this, shouldn’t she have sent reinforcements a lot earlier?” (Hifumi)

“No, such expectations ... In reality the second son of a Marquis household, Debold-sama, had been dispatched as envoy of peace to Vichy.” (Midas)

“Is that so? That means an envoy of peace delivers such a provocative letter in this world?” (Hifumi)

The letter that was thrown at Midas was the one Hifumi had taken out from Debold’s breast pocket.

“This is ... !” (Midas)

It had Imeraria’s signature.

Thrusting unreasonable demands at Vichy, no matter how you looked at it, the contents couldn’t be called anything but hostile.

“Well then, I want you to properly convey to Imeraria that she has overstepped her bounds this time. Now matter how kind I may be, even I have my limits.” (Hifumi)

What kindness are you talking about? Were his thought reflected on his face? Origa pointed an icy gaze at Midas to the degree of making him shiver.

“It came to a point where it would be proper for me to receive yours

and the princess' heads. Shouldn't you be grateful for the generous treatment of Hifumi-sama?"
(Origa)

"I-I am very sorry ..." (Midas)

While bowing his head in apology, Midas raised an 「Oya?」 having a question towards Origa's just spoken words.

Going by the current way of the talks, it sounds like me and the princess can survive.

"There was far too little resistance, I guess ..." (Hifumi)

"Ha?" (Midas)

"The degree of the scheme was too little, even for Pajou. Also, the

soldiers of Vichy attacking straight from the front like idiots, didn't divert from our predictions in the least. Although Origa seems to be able handling it well, Kasha wasn't able to implement what she had been taught at all." (Hifumi)

Midas suddenly couldn't follow what Hifumi was talking about.

"Due to the long, long history of wars in my country and world, there are many substantial studies repeatedly refining the art of efficiently killing your enemies, such as those heavily armored, those riding a horse, those being separated from their allies and those being swift, no matter the circumstances. As a result of that, many created military strategies

and weapons vanished, making it literally a struggle to survive for those.” (Hifumi)

Maa, though I ended up completely forgetting those things recently, Hifumi inserted an idle complaint in his mind.

“However, after coming here, the opponents I faced were only lukewarm opponents at best. I first thought that it was only this country, but it seems the other countries aren’t any different in that regard either. As I worked as adventurer and statesman, I always pondered about it and at last I reached a conclusion.” (Hifumi)

“Th-The conclusion is ...” (Midas)

As Midas feared he would hear something absurd and his desire to escape from this place right away was almost stirred up, he resisted those up-welling feelings as he had to convey what Hifumi was going to say to the princess.

“There isn’t enough fighting in this world. There isn’t enough desperation to stake their life on fighting between people. Therefore I decided to make my move.”
(Hifumi)

“What the hell are you planning to do ...?” (Midas)

Although he didn’t want to hear it, he couldn’t help but listen to it.

And just as he thought, Midas

regretted hearing about it.

“I will spread the methods of fighting in order for the human society to become self-aware and come to their senses all around the world. Oh well, if I drill thousands of people scattered throughout the world in the ways of war, my intent will naturally come true, don’t you think?” (Hifumi)

“In other words, you will raise well-trained people to pit them against each other all around the world? Is that what you are saying?”

“It’s a magnificent idea. Of course I will also do my very best to help you.” (Origa)

Even though Origa said this as if it

was natural, Hifumi gave up while thinking No matter what I tell her, she will accompany me anyway.

“Ah! I will use this territory as is. Once in a while I will return here. I want a place where I can run various experiments as well.”
(Hifumi)

As result the people brought up in this territory will become ‘people who might cause damage to Orsongrande in the future’.

That’s just madness.

(However, there is no way to decline this ...) (Midas)

Most likely even Imeraria won’t be able to refuse.

Especially since this is the second time her life has been spared.

He even seized disadvantageous evidence.

As Hifumi laughed joyfully, Midas frantically endured strong stomach pains.

Chapter 44: Points Of Authority

Because of Alyssa's pursuit the numbers of the Vichy army dwindled even more though they took flight escaping Rhone.

The offensive lasted for a few days and the activity of the border security in Rhone was arranged to resume. All was explained to the citizens of Arosel and the tidying up began. Alyssa returned to Arosel wearing a tired facial expression.

“... Sleepy” (Alyssa)

“Yes, thanks for your hard work. Sleep well.” (Origa)

Having received the report from Alyssa, Origa saw her off unsteadily returning to her own room within the building of the Lord.

Origa herself had to commit herself to such things as returning the temporarily refuging citizens back to their own homes and giving orders to the soldiers left behind to clean up the city. Having her injury completely healed by the magic potion, she acted more vigorously than before.

And now she is handling her own and Hifumi's share of travel preparations.

In the briefing session with Midas, Midas had no other choice but to accept the one-sided instructions in

regards to the report contents from Hifumi. The result was a report stating Pajou and the other knights of the Third Knight Unit, which Hifumi had killed, had been killed in action in the battle with Vichy.

Because it would cause a huge loss of face for the royalty, if the truth of Imeraria giving the order to assassinate another noble were to be spread, Midas gladly accepted that kind of conclusion as it was far more amicable than he had imagined it to be. Although it was wrong towards Pajou, there was no better solution without this whole situation having a dramatic impact on the princess.

But Midas' tension recurred once he heard Hifumi's words after this

topic was settled.

“I will go to the royal castle soon as I have to talk with Imeraria.”
(Hifumi)

“Yo-You have to talk... ?” (Midas)

“No matter how you look at it, I am a noble of Orsongrande, so it is necessary to return triumphantly and give a report of the victory, I think.” (Hifumi)

Like this it became a matter of Hifumi heading towards the royal capital, alongside the surviving members of the Third Knight Unit, by himself without taking any soldiers along. In order to protect the territory, all of the territorial soldiers will be left behind.

“It will be only us, so I won’t particularly mind if you attack me during the trip, okay?” (Hifumi)

“You must be joking...” (Midas)

As Hifumi laughed impishly, Midas barely managed to squeeze out an answer.



The political centre of Horant is the capital city, Ludan.

The Ludan castle, where the aged king Suprangel Geng Horant (T/N: >> Supurangeru Gengu Horanto) resides, is called royal castle. He has been holding the throne for the long time of 50 years.

However, the one having

substantial ability in the ways of politics, being his directly descending grandchild, was Belldore. (T/N: >> Verudore <<)

The elder king had declared to pass the crown to Belldore, who had no children of his own. Even the experiment with the magic tool, orchestrated by Vichy, was something pushed forward by Belldore for the sake of gaining moderate accomplishments.

With the authority of the king being very powerful, the order of royalty is an absolute for the few nobles of Horant as well. The standing of regular soldiers drafted from the common folk is quite low. But the gathering of funds upon the king's order for the sake of developing the

magic tool had been remarkable.
With the wealth that was brought
about due to the magic tools,
criticism from the masses was
suppressed.

“How is the situation developing?”
(Suprangel)

“It’s going well.” (Belldore)

When the king inquired with a
hoarse voice, Belldore answered
standing upright.

“The aggression-rising magic tool
Ganga and the emotions-
restraining magic tool Elrik are
almost complete, too.” (Belldore)

“However, there are flaws as well...”
(Suprangel)

“Installing Ganga causes the target to go on a rampage or die. Being upon the effect of Elrik causes the actions of the target to become sluggish. Also, the target’s judgement declines sharply. Still, there are ways for practical use either way. There won’t be any problems if we use it only on soldiers and make sure to have the commander make the judgments and give out directions to the soldiers.” (Belldore)

As Belldore answered confidently puffing up with pride, King Suprangel nodded his head.

“Very well. It is fine to go with your results as they are. You will also give the researchers a reward to show them your generosity.”

(Suprangel)

“I shall follow your words.”

(Belldore)

Furthermore the king decided to listen to the opinion of Belldore concerning the situation in the other countries.

“... For some reason Vichy and Orsongrande seem to be noisy...”

(Suprangel)

“It appears that there is a young noble of Orsongrande, having obtained the trust of the princess, acting violently and rudely. He has been bestowed the territory including the national border to Vichy. I hear he shaved off an unknown size of territory of Vichy.

Isn't the battle continuing even now?" (Belldore)

"Even at the border of our country to Orsongrande there seems to be movement." (Suprangel)

"Since we have officially sided with Vichy and because even our country's soldiers are heading towards the border, they have apparently deployed their soldiers in response. They won't attempt to make contact though." (Belldore)

If they start an all-out war on this side, it will become a war at two fronts for Orsongrande. It means that while continuing the war with Vichy, Orsongrande won't start something right way. That was the common opinion shared by King

and grandchild. Once the war with
with Vichy ends, the reason for
Horant to deploy its soldiers will
vanish as well.

“Orsongrande’s side has raised a set
amount of military gains. Although
the general outline is that it will
end with Vichy’s side
compromising, they are more or
less resisting the outcome. Putting
aside their quality, Vichy has
prepared a great number of
soldiers.” (Belldore)

After contemplating for a while
about this information, the king
said slowly as if chewing it
thoroughly,

“Well then ... Once the state of
affairs has calmed down and the

soldiers deployed at the border to Orsongrande can be withdrawn, I will use the opportunity to retire from this position.” (Suprangel)

“That is...” (Belldore)

“You will become the next king. It will be good for governing this country. But, show me the proof of the magic tools, Ganga and Elrik, being effective on the border soldiers. I have decided this to be your first accomplishment as king.” (Suprangel)

“Ha, I will make my move at once.” (Belldore)

“Umu, I am waiting for the good news.” (Suprangel)

For the news, of Hifumi leading the

small force of Fokalore's territorial troops against the military forces of Vichy and repelling them, to circulate in Horant, a few more days were still necessary.



There is a town called Münster (T/N: >> Miyunsuta) extremely close to the national border to Horant on Orsongrande's side.

This town has the same scale as Fokalore and, including several farm villages in its circumference, an earl called Biron is governing it.

Biron isn't particularly close to either the prince or the princess. He wasn't very well-informed about the situation taking place close to Vichy

where Fokalore played a central role as his territory could also be said to be on the opposite side. Even the the request for stationing the troops of the Second Knight Unit this time was something he only reluctantly accepted due to the documents having the signature of the prince. The communication with the knight unit also only started at the time the Second Knight Unit's captain, Stifels, came to visit in order to exchange greetings. Biron's stance was "Just do whatever you want."

"Why has a knight unit come all the way to this place?" (Biron)

Without trying to conceal his dissatisfaction, Biron complained to his butler, standing close-by, as he

was sitting dead tired on a sofa.

He was a still young head of a household at the age of 30 years. With the death due to illness of his father 5 years ago, he was called back home to succeed the Earlsip although he had been working as bureaucrat in the capital.

Even the current circumstances, he understands that Vichy and Horant have a connection notwithstanding the lack of information. He also knew that there wasn't even any point in provoking Horant. Of course, anticipating an emergency situation, a lot more soldiers are patrolling the area close to the border than usual. He also knew well that he might have to to dispatch troops on short call.

At any rate, since quite many soldiers were deployed to another place, the maintenance of public order in the whole town started to show holes. His only wish was for the whole situation to quickly finish not caring whether the rising noble Hifumi, whose face he doesn't even know, wins or loses.

Not only that, in regards to the Second Knight Unit, turning up here recklessly and in a fighting mood, Biron was highly vigilant.

If something strange happens and hostilities with Horant unfold, he doesn't have the intention to lose, but he will feel unease about the safety of the town of Münster. His own territorial soldiers will be depleted as well.

Moreover, the Second Knight Unit is building a simple fortress in the middle between Münster and the national border. It goes even as far that they are talking about inviting Prince Ayperos there for encouragement. To begin with, due to the influence of the princess' popularity, Prince Ayperos has a thin presence with the plain achievements he has earned. Biron can do nothing but sigh.

“I guess it is a suggestion by the queen, but doesn't she understand that starting a war here will cause his evaluation to pummel even more?” (Biron)

Or, do they have some certain plan for victory or tools able to make it happen, I wonder? Biron pondered

about that. But if there were such things, it would be impossible for that haughty, over-confident Stifels to stay silent about it.

“If that new viscount called Hifumi or something like that is able to defeat Vichy at an early stage, then...” (Biron)

It reached the point that Biron thought to join Princess Imeraria’s faction, if he gets involved in the movements of the prince and the Second Knight Unit, although he kept a neutral stance before.



Hifumi, entering the royal castle together with Midas’s group of the Third Knight Unit, was immediately

allowed to have an audience in the audience room. It seems to be about the matter of being conferred some kind of reward. Because of Midas using a fast to report the state of affairs, the room was dominated by an air of restlessness as if something had to be frantically smoothed over.

(I guess they plan to pay reparations. I think that's an idea the prime minister came up with.)
(Hifumi)

While thinking Maa, I don't really care either way, Hifumi knelled merely for form's sake.

Suppressing the quivering of her legs seeing that figure, Imeraria talked about the recognition of his

services while standing in the audience room.

Her voice seemed to shake, but since the eyes of the other nobles rested on her, she desperately put strength into her stomach.

“Your military gains on this occasion were very splendid. Crushing a large army with such a small force is something that will be handed down to future generation in this country. It is extremely regrettable that the Third Knight Unit suffered such victims, but...” (Imeraria)

Although she senses how the inner part of her eyes is heating up due to bitterness, she keeps pasting a smile on her face.

“... As reward for his achievements this time, Hifumi Touno shall become an earl and be given new territory in addition to the territory gained as result of the war. Does anyone have an objection to this decree?” (Imeraria)

The nobles, lined up on both sides of the audience hall, remained silent.

It doesn't look like they are giving their active support to this decree, but there is no way to not confer any reward in light of this much distinguished war service. Besides they didn't think anyone would want something like a region placed in-between Hifumi's territory and a foreign country.

“It doesn’t seem that there is an objection. So be it. As replacement for my deceased father, the king, I, in my name as Imeraria Torie Orsongrande, grant Hifumi Touno the title of earl of the Orsongrande kingdom.” (Imeraria)

Sporadic applause could be heard. Hifumi got up remaining silent and left the audience hall after turning a fleeting glance at Imeraria.

While seeing him off and whispering in low voices about this impoliteness, the nobles left the hall before being prompted to do so by Imeraria.

“Imeraria-sama.” (Prime Minister)

Choosing the time when the other

nobles had departed the hall, the prime minister stepped forward.

“What is it?” (Imeraria)

“That is... was it alright to do that?”
(Prime Minister)

“What else did you expect me to do? There is no way that this country’s defense war potential can deal with him anymore. I have also heard about Hifumi’s turbulent kind of plan from Midas, but nevertheless there is no other choice but to use the fact that Hifumi-sama is affiliated to this country. Currently it is impossible to eliminate him.” (Imeraria)

After looking fleetingly at the king’s throne Imeraria tugged her pursed

lips.

“Confirm the reason why he isn’t killing me. And then don’t fail to ask him directly what he is planning to do from now on. Please come to my office later on and give me a report.” (Imeraria)

“That is, because it is dangerous...”
(Prime Minister)

“It will be futile to worry about plans or guards if it is meaningless.” (Imeraria) (T/N: In other words, no matter what they plan, any action will be pointless if they don’t know what Hifumi is planning)

Hearing about the news of having lost a trusted subordinate, Imeraria

felt shaken for a short while, calming down only slightly. It would be intolerable for her to stop her own assigned duty for something like weeping.

“What is Ayperos doing?”
(Imeraria)

“I was told he departed this morning to observe the battlefield at Horant.” (Prime Minister)

“Such a selfish thing...” (Imeraria)

Even though it would be fine for him to focus on preparing to become the next king, Imeraria thought. Prince Ayperos, having no accomplishments of his own, had consulted with his mother, the queen, without Imeraria knowing

about it. She didn't consider it to be necessary for the next king to be accomplished either.

Anyways, as the situation had to only settle down for the sake of crowning Ayperos, this was Imeraria's current goal.



With Hifumi returning to the antechamber of the room prepared for him, Origa, waiting as chamberlain, stood up and greeted him.

Sabnak of the Third Knight Unit is present there as well. Having been summoned by Hifumi, he wore a bewildered facial expression.

“You are early, Sabnak. Take a seat

for the time being.” (Hifumi)

“What business do you have with me... ?” (Sabnak)

Sabnak had been informed by Midas about Pajou’s final moments. On that occasion he was told that there is no malice regarding his survival, but as he still has betrayed his colleagues, he can’t sweep away his dread of possibly being killed.

“It’s fine to not have such formal posture. Just now I have also taken hold of the old Vichy territory ranging from Rhone to Arosel. I have also obtained the rank of earl.” (Hifumi)

He drank the tea Origa had prepared.

“Congratulations. Though it feels lacking as compensation for trying to harm Hifumi-sama.” (Origa)

Towards Origa’s words of praise, Hifumi gives an appropriate answer with “Ah, yes.” He has stopped listening to her seriously.

“From me likewise, congratulations. With this you are in name and reality a member of the greater nobles of Orsongrande.” (Sabnak)

“I don’t give a damn about the title, but there is hope that we can earn the necessary funds for our activities with this. But there aren’t enough helping hands.” (Hifumi)

“Helping hands?” (Sabnak)

Sabnak, not wanting to recall the

only vague memories of an already remote past, remembers the hell of paperwork called temporary feudal lord of Fokalore and cold sweat runs down his spine.

“It is necessary to entrust the acting of a proxy for me to someone since I will be absent from the territory for a while.” (Hifumi)

In his eardrums Sabnak can hear the *doki doki* of his heart from within his body.

“Since the civil official slaves can handle it to a certain degree, it will be settled by acting as boss.

Everything has been prepared as well, so it will be good if you come to Fokalore for around 10 days.”

(Hifumi)

It has already been decided to designate Sabnak.

Including the case with Pajou, Midas, and himself, and considering the matter of turning a blind eye towards the Knight Unit, Sabnak simply wasn't able to refuse.

“... Understood...” (Sabnak)

Convincing himself that it won't turn into such a hell like previously this time around as there are even staff members, Sabnak told them that he had to prepare and left.

“Well then, all that is left now is Imeraria.” (Hifumi)

Just as Hifumi muttered this, a white maid enters and tells him that he has been called by Imeraria.

“Origa, gather the populace in front of the castle by having the Third Knight Unit assist you. It has to be a place where they can see the balcony we talked about before. Ah, yea, also tell them “There is an important announcement for the people from the princess.””

(Hifumi)

“Important announcement is it...”

(Origa)

“While we are at it, I think it will be refreshing for those in the castle as well.” (Hifumi)

Origa responded to Hifumi’s words with a smile and laughter.

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